

THE PANTING OF DOGS AND MEN.

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It can hardly be supposed to interest the readers of the *Homœopathic Review* to know that I possess in my dog a *fidus Achates*, but when I inform them that this dog has witnessed the suns of fifteen summers, and that calculating a year of dog's life to be equivalent to (at least) five of a man's, my dog must be a patriarch ; and since, moreover, I am given to understand that my dog is, with his sister (supposing her earthly existence un-terminated), the last of his breed—the *loup-loup* breed, an extinct variety of dog—their interest cannot fail to be roused. But the entertainment will, I doubt not, be still further enhanced when I declare that the combined influence of antiquity and obesity has gradually shown itself for some five years in an increasing difficulty of breathing on the part of this interesting remnant of an intelligent race. Now when old age and obesity combine to make a dog pant, the best laid schemes of dogs and men “gang aft a-gley,” and the panting continues till death parts breathing and dog. And so I thought it would be with my dog, till a friend informed me of a canine fancier in Dublin who cured all such difficulties with *bryonia*. Accordingly I procured some special pilules of *bryonia*, third decimal, and gave him a few doses, three or four at a time of these agreeable medicaments, and was surprised to find in a week or two a most noticeable difference in the breathing of my valued quadruped.

The improvement was not due to suggestion either ; for although I have a very good opinion of my dog's intelligence, this belief is not such as would lead me to ascribe to him a susceptibility to the influence of this newest method of treatment. He is, naturally, a

believer in drugs, when the bases of these consist of sugar of milk, and he evidently does not require any suggestion to make the remedy tell with full effect. While this pulmono-cardiac canine regeneration was proceeding, a lady of seventy-two asked me to prescribe something for her panting breathing : after walking a short distance continued panting comes on, and whenever she enters a shop she has to sit down and remain silent for a minute or two, notwithstanding the polite bow and “ what may I show you, madam ” of the disposer of merchandise.

I had no difficulty in assuring my lady friend that all she required was to be treated like a dog, and like a dog she was treated, with the result that the second dose of *bryonia*, third decimal, relieved her breathing.

There probably is no remedy more valued in chest affections among homœopathic practitioners than *bryonia*, and yet I am not sure that this exact condition has ever been pointed to pathogenetically or symptomatically as indicative of *bryonia*, namely, where enfeeblement of lungs and heart, gradually increasing with age, conspires to weaken the breathing powers, and where the symptom panting breathing is present upon the slightest exertion.
